By drunken prophesies, libels and dreames,
To set my brother Clarence and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other.
And if king Edward be as true and iust
As I am subtile, false, and trecherous:
This day should Clarence closely be mewed vp,
About a prophesie which saies that G.
Of Edwards heires the murtherer shall bee.
Diue thoughts downe to my soule, *Enter Clarence with a guard of men.*
Here Clarence comes,
Brother, good dayes, what meanes this armed guard
That waites vpon your grace?

Cla. His maiestie tendering my persons safetie hath appointed
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower.

Glo. Vpon what cause?

Cla. Because my name is George.

Glo. Alack my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your godfathers:
O belike his maiestie hath some intent
That you shall be new christned in the Tower.
But what is the matter Clarence may I know?

Cla. Yea Richard when I know, for I protest
As yet I do not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after prophecies and dreames,
And from the crosse-rowe pluckes the letter G:
And saies a wizard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be.
And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he.
These as I learne, and such like toyes as these,
Haue moued his highnesse to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis she
That temps him to this extremitie:
Was it not she and that good man of worship
Anthony Wooduile her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the tower,
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe.

Cl

Cla. By heauen I think
But the Queenes kindred,
That trudge betwixt the
Heard ye not what an hum
Lord Hastings was to her
Glo. Humbly complain
Got my Lord Chamberlai
Ile tell you what, I thinke
If we will keepe in fauour
To be her men and weare
The icalous oreworne wid
Since that our brother dub
Are mightie gossips in this
Bro. I beseech your Gra
His maiestie hath straightly
That no man shall haue pr
Of what degree soeuer with
Glo. Euē so & please you
You may partake of any thi
We speake no treason man,
Is wise and vertuous, and hi
Well stroke in yeares, faire
We say that Shores wife hat
A cherry lip, a bonny eye,
And that the Queenes kind
How say you sir, can you d
Bro. With this (my Lord
Glo. Naught to do with M
He that doth naught with h
Were best he do it secretly
Bro. What one my Lord
Glo. Her husband knaue
Bro. I beseech your Grac
Your conference with the n
Cla. We know thy charg
Glo. We are the Queenes
Brother farewell, I will vnto
And whatsoeuer you will in
Were it to call King Edwar

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